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Church of the Nazarene

3-1-1952

The Other Sheep Volume 39 Number 03

Remiss Rehfeldt (Editor)
Church of the Nazarene

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Recommended Citation

Rehfeldt (Editor), Remiss, "The Other Sheep Volume 39 Number 03" (1952). *Other Sheep*. 43.
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The OTHER SHEEP

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MAY 29 1952

MARCH 1952

I Felt Like a Missionary

By G. B. Williamson, D.D.

WE LEFT GUATEMALA CITY on the well-loaded plane for Coban. Until within five minutes of the landing strip, all was clear. But suddenly we were in clouds that covered the mountains and settled like fleecy drapery to the ground. Our pilot was warned by radio not to attempt a landing. We flew safely back to Guatemala City. The flight was canceled for the day.

Late in the afternoon we received a telegram from Brother Ingram that Missionaries Birchard and Hess were on the way to get us by car. They arrived at 1:00 a.m. At seven the next morning we were starting on a trip that took nine hours. The plane makes it in twenty-five minutes. The scenery was indescribably beautiful; the company was refreshing; but the roads were terrible!

At a speed which varied from zero to a maximum of twenty miles per hour we proceeded. When the Guatemala turnpike did not zig to the right, it zagged to the left. If we were not climbing up a mountain, we were more cautiously descending one. The most uncomfortable part was the constant jiggle as the Chevrolet carryall jostled along over the rocky, narrow road. Only twice did I come near going through the windshield. On one of those occasions a man riding in the rear seat was thrown forward past the middle one to cut his lip on the back of the front seat. I accused Brother Birchard of stopping after he hit the bumps rather than before. Perhaps if I had been a licensed driver in that country he would have offered to let me auger that steering wheel for a few miles. Or maybe his respect for the lives of all the occupants was the determining argument. But we arrived safely, feeling fine and ready for a service one hour later.

The assembly being held in a village where no missionaries lived and where a hotel is never needed, Brother Reza and I were assigned to sleep in the home of one of our national families. The bed was not the most up-to-date type. During the night I shifted often to relieve the part of the body that bore my weight without any adjustment to it through the medium of bed springs. Brother Reza got along somewhat better. When cruising along normally, his motor purred softly; but when it was necessary to shift, it seemed he stripped his gears every time.

In the morning Brother Ingram asked how I had rested. I assured him that I was in shape for top performance that day, but I did admit that the bed was not equipped with a Beautyrest mattress. His only comment was, as he looked at me with no sign of pity, "Well, you don't need a Beautyrest mattress." To that pronouncement, with all its implications, I unhesitatingly agreed.

During the wakeful moments of that first night I almost persuaded myself that I was a missionary too. But when I began to consider the life of a real missionary, I was ashamed that I ever thought I might deserve a place among them. I was there only as many days as they stay years without the comforts and happy associations of the homeland. I thought of the exposure to disease and the privations in their manner of life. I remembered that some had left children of tender years in the States to be educated. I heard them tell of the handicaps of raising a family in a foreign land, and that without complaint. I sensed the keen loneliness of some not yet fully adjusted to the new life. I observed the slowness of backward people in coming to light and understanding. I saw with what patience they endured the tedium of a missionary's life. As I lived with those regal souls those few days, I felt as though my life was all too free from self-denial and cross-bearing.

I hope I can be a better Christian for having spent a little time with the missionaries. The only reward I can ever hope for was received in observing how cordially they accepted me and how the visit was appreciated by the national Christians. Added to these compensations was the joy of witnessing some glorious scenes of salvation as the fruit of their patient toil.

All missionaries have my deep love and my unstinted admiration. But I especially honor those who *go*, and *go*, and *go again* to make the missionary cause prosper, because they have literally spent their lives to see those in the darkness brought into the glorious light and liberty of the gospel.

The OTHER Sheep

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring (John 10:16).

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
REMISS REHFELDT, D.D., EDITOR; C. WARREN JONES, D.D., CONTRIBUTING EDITOR; MIRIAM PARK, OFFICE EDITOR

Volume 39

March, 1952

Number 3

Advance Program

FORTY-THREE missionary candidates were approved by the General Board to be sent during the 1952-53 fiscal year.

The budget to our missionaries and national workers to operate their fields and reach into new areas was increased \$192,000, making a total of \$1,162,775.

Statistics presented to the Department of Foreign Missions indicated advances in all phases of missionary endeavor. The following will illustrate:

	1950	1951	Increase
National Workers	989	1,099	110
National Members	32,179	34,021	1,842
Day School Students	6,027	6,887	860
Properties	809	865	54
National Income	\$264,933	\$283,812	\$18,879

Appropriations were made for the construction of 104 urgently needed properties on the mission fields of the church. Fifty-five will be made possible through Alabaster Fund channels and forty-nine from the current balance of the Department. In addition, numerous items of equipment and property payments were allowed from the latter.

Italy became a part of the Foreign Missions Department, bringing the total number of fields to twenty-four.

Casa Robles, home for retired missionaries in Temple City, California, received a grant to purchase additional property for the construction of cottages. The welfare of our veteran workers is a matter of concern to every member of the church.

Eleven sessions of the Department of Foreign Missions consumed a total of thirty-five and one-half hours. Interviewing candidates for missionary service, hearing missionaries' reports, considering mission business, determining mission budgets, and outlining the missionary program of the church received attention. The members of the Department are worthy of high praise for the diligence given to these tasks. May God bless

A. K. Bracken, A. E. Sanner, Paul Updike, Mrs. Louise Chapman, Harold Reed, Leonard Spangenberg, Al Ramquist, and R. H. Cantrell. The church has been blessed with a splendid Department for the extension of its missionary work.

Subscribe Now!

A tremendous effort will be made this spring to boost the subscription list of THE OTHER SHEEP to 200,000.

Because of a \$14,000 deficit this year in publishing this magazine, the subscription price will be advanced to fifty cents per year beginning May 1, 1952. In bundles of ten or more to one address, the rate will be forty cents per year. The special rate for a single three-year subscription will be one dollar.

The W.F.M.S. Council and the Department of Foreign Missions are uniting in a great spring campaign.

Districts must promote an all-out effort. *Churches* must engage campaign workers. *Individuals* must subscribe and secure subscriptions.

While the price is still thirty-five cents per single subscription and twenty-five cents in bundles of ten or more, spread missionary information everywhere. Let no church be satisfied with a subscription list less than 85 per cent of the church membership. We are counting on you.

Published monthly by the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene, 2923 Troost Ave., Box 527, Kansas City 10, Mo. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter, July 29, 1913, at the post office at Kansas City, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 19, 1918. Subscription price, mailed singly, 35c a year in advance; ten or more copies to one address, 25c a year for each copy.

New Appointees

Miss Grace Abila, R.N.	Africa
Rev. and Mrs. Donald Ault	British Guiana
Miss Mary Bagley, R.N.	Africa
Rev. and Mrs. Merrill Bennett	Japan
Rev. and Mrs. Ardee Coolidge	Cuba
Dr. and Mrs. Ira Cox*	India
Rev. and Mrs. Lawrence Faul	Barbados
Rev. and Mrs. William Golliher	Peru
Rev. and Mrs. Wesley Harmon	Trinidad
Miss Mary Harper, R.N.	India
Rev. and Mrs. Hubert Helling	Japan
Miss Esther Howard, R.N.	India
Rev. and Mrs. James Hudson	Guatemala
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Karker	Africa
Rev. and Mrs. Earl Morgan	Italy
Miss Leah Nelson, R.N.	General Appointment
Rev. and Mrs. Oather Perkinson	Argentina
Rev. and Mrs. Adrian Rosa	Philippine Islands
Miss Norine Roth, R.N.	Peru
Rev. and Mrs. Clare St. John	Nicaragua
Rev. and Mrs. Philip Steigleder	Africa
Miss Frances Vine	Philippine Islands
Rev. and Mrs. Alex Wachtel*	Israeli
Rev. and Mrs. J. Elton Wood	Cape Verde Islands
Rev. and Mrs. Leonard York	British Honduras

*Appointed in 1951

Furloughing Missionaries

Those listed below have been approved for furloughs during the fiscal year beginning May 1.

Rev. and Mrs. Morris Chalfant	Africa
Rev. and Mrs. Clifford Church	Africa
Fairy Cochlin	Africa
Rev. and Mrs. George Hayse	Africa
Louise Long	Africa
Ruth Matchett	Africa
Mary McKinlay	Africa
Rev. Thomas Ainscough	Argentina
Rev. and Mrs. Ronald Denton	Argentina
Joyce Blair	British Honduras
Rev. and Mrs. William Fowler	British Honduras
Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Eades	Cape Verde Islands
Rev. Clifford Gay	Cape Verde Islands
Rev. and Mrs. John Hall	Cuba
Rev. and Mrs. William Russell	
Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan	
Geraldine Chappell	India
Evelyn Witthoff	India
Lesper Heflin	Nicaragua
Rev. and Mrs. Louis Ragains	Nicaragua
Rev. and Mrs. Elvin Douglass	Peru
Rev. and Mrs. Phillip Torgrimson	Peru
Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Pitts	Philippine Islands

Returning Missionaries

At the completion of their furloughs the following will return to their respective fields of labor:

Miss Mayme Alexander	Guatemala
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Anderson	India
Mrs. Lucille S. Broyles	British Honduras
Miss Jean Darling	India
Miss Neva Flood	Nicaragua
Rev. and Mrs. Harold Hampton	British Honduras
Rev. and Mrs. Paul Hetrick	Swaziland
Miss Ivis Hopper	Swaziland
Rev. and Mrs. Earl Hunter	Bolivia
Rev. and Mrs. Lester Johnston	Argentina
Miss Irma Koffel	Swaziland
Rev. and Mrs. Russell Lewis	Swaziland
Rev. and Mrs. Earl Mosteller	Cape Verde Islands
Miss Leona Youngblood	Portuguese East Africa

Front Cover

THIS MONTH the front cover features a Chinese philosopher discussing a problem with a young boy. Highly honored by his fellow countrymen, the philosopher's words are accepted by the Chinese as the final authority on many important topics. Here old age meets youth; here the wisdom of the wrinkled, white-bearded sage is heard with wonder by the young boy whose life still waits before him with its many lessons.

Centuries ago the writer of Ecclesiastes wrote, "Who is as the wise man? and who knoweth the interpretation of a thing? a man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed" (Eccles. 8:1). How wonderful it would be if this wise Chinese philosopher were saying to the eager-faced lad,

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh . . . Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man" (Eccles. 12:1, 13).

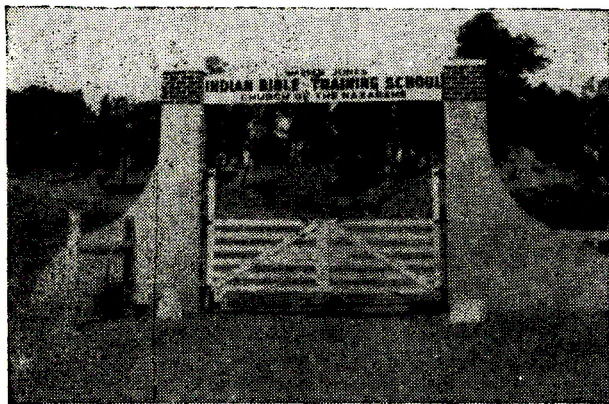
PHOTO CREDIT: H. Armstrong Roberts.

Giving

Oh, let us freely give! Let every spiritual grace and gift, and every power be sanctified and pressed into His blessed service—every talent bestowed, time, money, influence, culture, intellect! Only a little while, and the golden opportunities will have passed away forever.—*Living Waters*.

The North American Indian School

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.



The entrance gate to the C. Warren Jones Indian Bible and Training School in Lindrith, New Mexico

WE WANT to call the attention of our readers to the Indian school located near Lindrith, New Mexico, one hundred twenty miles north of Albuquerque.

The purpose of the training school is to get young people settled in a Christian experience, to train and equip those who feel definite calls to carry the gospel to their own people, and to train all the students to become Christian leaders.

When the accompanying picture of the student body was taken, there were twenty-five students enrolled. We are now in the second semester and have a few more. With our present physical facilities, thirty students are all that we can house comfortably. If we had the room, we could have sixty students. We are not complaining, for the school is a new project, this being the fourth year.



Students standing in front of the Administration Building of the Indian School

The present student body is the best we have had thus far. Not only so, but the spiritual tone of the school is by far the best. A revival spirit has prevailed since the beginning of the school year in September. Naturally this has reduced the matter of discipline to a minimum. God has so wonderfully undertaken that at this writing almost every student is enjoying an experience of salvation.

We have added one new member to the faculty, giving us a teaching force of five. We were able to secure Miss Fae Jessup, of Oklahoma. She has a Master's degree and a life's certificate in teaching and is doing a most acceptable piece of work. In addition to being a teacher, she is dean at the girls' dormitory. She loves the girls and has the respect of the student body.



The faculty (left to right): Mrs. Allene Wheeler, Fae Jessup, Mrs. Sue Metzger, Rev. R. U. Metzger, and Rev. A. H. Eggleston, principal

It appears now that from every standpoint this year will be the best the school has seen. Just as soon as we can increase our facilities, we shall be able to increase our enrollment. We are getting a start and hope that in another four years we shall have sixty students. This will depend largely on more dormitory room and a substantial increase in equipment.

We must do something worth while for our Indian youth. The opportunity is most challenging. These young people are anxious for an education. We can get them established in a Christian experience and send them forth equipped to be leaders of their own people. We not only want to educate them, but our major emphasis is to develop Christian character. We can do for them what the government schools can do, plus what God can do. Our plan will

work, and in the days to come we can have across the great Southwest strong Indian churches and growing Sunday schools manned by those who have had several years of work in our Indian school.



Prayer Requests

PRAY On Sunday, April 13, the Easter Offering for foreign missions will be received. Pray that our people might see the great harvest field of souls and that they might do their part in spreading the gospel.

"Go, break to the needy sweet charity's bread,

For giving is living," the angel said.

"And must I be giving again and again?"

My peevish and pitiless answer ran.

"Oh, no," said the angel, his glance pierced me through,

"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

—Stewardship Facts

PRAY W. C. Esselstyn from Africa reports: "I have just heard that since leaving Gaza in November they have had no rain, the corn has all died in the gardens, and the peanuts and beans are fast withering and turning white. If it keeps on like this there will be real famine up there within a few more months. Already our missionaries up there are heartbroken with the crying needs of hungry people."

PRAY From Portuguese East Africa, Mrs. Bessie Grose writes: "I want to request prayer for this work among the Shangaans. God is working, but we desire to see even greater results. Our days of prayer have been blessed ones, and surely many souls will be saved because of the petitions that ascended to the throne."

PRAY During this year many missionaries will be furloughing from the mission fields and will be replaced by new recruits. Pray that God will grant them safe journeys and that He will bless them with unusual strength.

PRAY During the meeting of the Department of Foreign Missions in January thirty-nine young people were placed under appointment to serve as missionaries of the Church of the Nazarene. Pray that God might richly bless them as they make preparations to serve Him in areas throughout the world.

PRAY The goal for THE OTHER SHEEP campaign has been set for 200,000 subscriptions before General Assembly in June. There is much to be done in reaching this goal, and success will be determined by the number of churches that have at least 85 per cent of their memberships subscribing to THE OTHER SHEEP.

Staggering Statistics

Truly we don't stand idle because we haven't a job to do—realizing that almost two-thirds of the world is shrouded in midnight darkness, having never once heard the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The unevangelized population of the world is greater today than ever before and is continually and consistently growing by leaps and bounds. Stop and consider for a minute a few of these statistics.

They tell us that if 1,000 missionaries were to arrive in the land of India today, each one of these missionaries could have a parish of his own of 550 villages—villages where they have never heard the name of the Lord Jesus Christ nor heard of His saving power. They tell us that almost 350,000,000 people of India have never been reached for Christ. If we were to line them up and space them 1 yard apart, they would cover 113,636 miles. If you were to drive by this multitude of people lined up one to a yard, covering 113,636 miles, driving at 30 miles an hour, 24 hours a day, and not stopping for gas or oil, it would take you five months simply to drive by these who have never heard.

Again, they tell us 60,000,000 people in Latin America still are unreached. They have never been told of God's love and Christ's power to save. If you were to talk to this group of people, one every 5 minutes, 24 hours a day, it would take 570 years simply to talk 5 minutes apiece to the 60,000,000 of Latin America who as yet know nothing of salvation. In Brazil alone they estimate over 400 untouched tribes have yet to hear that wonderful story of this wonderful Jesus and His power to "save to the uttermost all them that come unto Him."

—Brown Gold

IGNORANCE

SUPERSTITION

IDOLATRY

MISSIONARY HIGH LIGHTS

WITCHCRAFT

PAGANISM

DEMONISM

Two Visits to the City of the Dead

By Evelyn VerHock

Guatemala



A GRAND OPPORTUNITY to combine the entertainment of two lively Indian children left to my supervision with an anticipated trip to the grave of our sainted missionary, Rev. Richard Anderson, came one time while I was left in charge of the Ingrams' mission house. We left under the burn-

ing tropical sun, equipped with a few bananas and oranges for refreshment after the long climb and an umbrella for shade and the usual afternoon shower. The children carried a straw bag in which they expected to put some guavas; but when they slipped under the fence along the way and quickly scaled the trees, I knew full well that not many guavas would find their way into the bag! It was a long walk, up and up, into the mountain overlooking the valley where lay the beautiful Spanish city of Coban, the heart of our Nazarene mission. As I walked up the cobblestone pathway, I felt the burden of our work weighing heavily on my shoulders and then lifted my eyes to the hills and to the Maker of my life and all creation and knew that He too was interested in the souls of men and women in this great country of Guatemala.

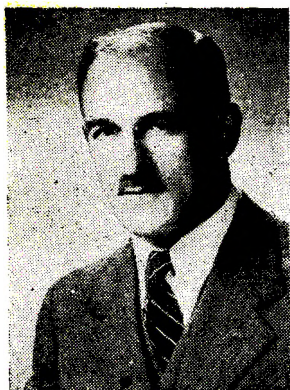
The city of the dead was quite different in appearance from the cemeteries with which I have been acquainted. The dead are placed in wooden caskets and into the ground, but over the grave is usually a huge cement rectangle covering the entire grave, much like another casket. Some of the graves are more elaborate and look like miniature mausoleums, while others are simple dirt mounds with a covering of white powder and a blue wooden cross, indicating on it the deceased's name, birthday, and date of death. On the first visit I made—this day—the cemetery was quiet and peaceful. A few men

were there preparing for another funeral, but otherwise we were able to roam the hills and valleys in search of Brother Anderson's grave without seeing anyone.

On a special day, similar to our Memorial Day in the States, I made another trip to the city of the dead. Halloween—All Saints' Day—is also celebrated religiously here, and the many flowers that I had seen being carried into Coban by the Indian women were for the graves. While passing a church, I saw oranges tied with pretty colored bows and fern and displayed for sale. This is not the only food made up especially for this occasion. Plates filled with assorted, bright-colored vegetables are sold to be taken to the city of the dead and placed conveniently amid the wreaths of flowers for the dead to eat on this, their "day of returning."

As we again climbed the hillside, hundreds of people were preceding and following us. Some had pretty paper wreaths. My companion was carrying one of white azaleas and tea roses; others had what looked like Christmas wreaths. Lilies of every variety were in abundance. The people were reacting in different ways: some picknicking, some drinking hard liquor and lying along the trail, others pensive and sad. The cemetery itself appeared to be in holiday mood, with food stands within its gates and crowds milling around. In small groups one could sense the expectancy of their superstition. This evening their beloved dead might visit them in spirit, and everything was being made ready. Candles were already placed and lighted at the heads of the graves.

At the top of the cemetery hill lie the remains of our missionary, Brother Anderson, who fell in the battle against just such idolatry and spirit worship as I felt and saw. Although there were many candles lighting the city of the dead, the Light of the World, manifested in the life of Brother Anderson, and the torch he laid in the hands of the believers of the gospel will certainly outshine the combined brilliance of a thousand candles.



Blaauwberg Church Is Born

● *W. C. Esselstyn*

● *Transvaal*

WE JUST RETURNED from the annual camp meeting at the Blaauwberg; that is the Dutch for "Blue Mountains."

Three years ago we had no mission station, no camp meeting, no converts in the area. The people were of a strange tribe and language as far as we were concerned. They were desperately needy too, spiritually and physically.

Today, thanks to God's marvelous answers to prayer, the tireless efforts of our missionaries, and the funds furnished both by our home church in America and by our African native missionary societies, there is a mission station manned by four of our fine missionaries where many are finding healing of both body and soul.

Besides the missionaries there are two Swazi women who have felt the call of God to leave their native land and help in this work. They are already beginning to speak the language of the people and are giving valuable assistance in the spiritual and medical work.

Best of all, there is a fine group of native Christians. Among them were nine men and women, young and old, who have now been in the probationers' class for two years and during that time have proved themselves faithful followers of the Lord Jesus. On Sunday morning we walked with them back into the mountains to a beautiful pool of water hidden away in the midst of wild bush and great boulders; and there before a crowd of curious, interested witnesses who had never seen such a thing before, our native elder from the Eastern Transvaal, Rev. Enos Mgwenya, baptized them. Later in the day, back in the church house on the mission station, we received them into the full membership of the church and conducted our first communion service with them. What a precious time God gave us!

Among these nine charter members of the Blaauwberg church there were Simeon Molefa and his wife. He is a man probably in his fifties, perhaps sixties, though his wife is younger. He first came to the station to help build, and whenever Brother Hayse or others would talk to him

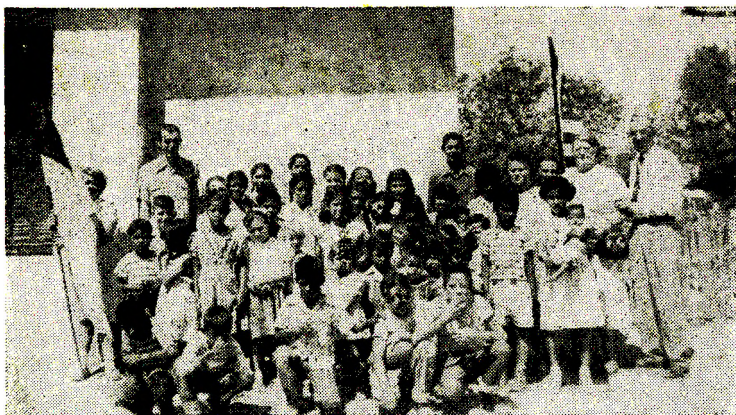
about repenting he would reply that he did not want to be a Christian. But then one day, some two years ago, after having interpreted for Brother Hayse during a service held under a big *marula* tree (for the church was not yet built), he turned about and knelt at the improvised altar with the statement that he wanted to be the first seeker. Since then he has consistently grown in grace, has been sanctified wholly, has married his wife by Christian rites and brought her to the Lord, professed a call to preach, and has given much help in conducting services and kraal visiting. With this record behind him, after receiving him into the church we appointed him as a local preacher, and he thus becomes our first official worker from among these people of the Blaauwberg.

Then there were young John Tshabalala and his sister Anna, both children of a nearby witch doctor and both of whom are daily walking with the Lord. John also says he is called to preach and expects soon to attend our Bible school at Acornhoek in the Eastern Transvaal. And there was Elizabeth Mahoti, a woman who has suffered much from a wicked husband who now no longer lives with her. She is a great soul winner and wholly devoted to the Lord.

Besides these nine whom we received into the church, there were many others still in the probationers' class who make our hearts glad. There was, for instance, old Miala, a petty chief. We met him first back in 1947, when we were beginning to visit the country and seek a place to start work. He was then a benighted old heathen with all the marks of darkness and sin imprinted upon his face. Today he has the demeanor and expression of a kindly old man. How intently he listened to the gospel messages, and earnestly joined in the singing!

Time forbids my telling more. The meeting closed with a lively testimony service and an inspiring message from Brother Jenkins. During the time of testimony many told of deliverance from all types of sin and evil, including addiction to dagga, a narcotic akin to marijuana, and one of the great curses of the country.

We went away with hearts full of praise to God. Not only has He given us the first full church members, but He has given us the interest and good will of hundreds of people. The medical work under Miss Dixon is growing, some outstations are being begun by Brothers Graham and Hayse, several new converts were won during the camp, some of the believers were sanctified, and we were all encouraged to press the battle against sin and win this people for Christ!



Group of children who attended the Vacation Bible School at El Paso, Texas.

RAUL was standing at the door of *La Iglesia del Nazareno* in El Paso, peering in at the children that had entered the church for the first session of the vacation Bible school, when one of the teachers approached him. "*Bienvenida muchacho, pasate para gozarte con nosotros en la escuela*" ("Welcome, boy; come and enjoy yourself with us at school"), said the teacher.

"No, no, *Senora*. The devil is in there, and I am afraid to enter," said the little boy.

Of course, the teacher disagreed with him, and after a lengthy discussion it was decided that Raul should stand at the door of the church and watch for the devil. For two days the child stood at his post, faithfully keeping watch and listening to what he could hear. On the third day he cautiously entered the church and took his place with the class of his age. That day the teacher of that class had an attentive little student. He took in every word she said and pondered it in his little heart.

After the children were dismissed, Raul lingered to have a word with the pastor. "*Senor*," he said, "may I call you Brother Hanna?"

"Why, surely you may, little man," answered Brother Hanna. His little face lit up, and he told Brother Hanna how he had looked for the devil for two days and had not seen him and that he had listened that day to the teacher and that she had not taught them "*Las ensenanzas del Diablo*" ("the teachings of the devil"). And he said, "I like to come here because you teach us much about God."

This all happened three years ago in our vacation Bible school, and since that time Raul has been a faithful little attendant at *La Iglesia del Nazareno* in El Paso. He comes to Sunday school every Sunday, bringing with him his younger brothers and sisters. He says he is going to be "a preesher" someday in the church.

This year Raul was our top leader in the vacation Bible school. He learned the most and

brought the most children to the school and received the grand prize of a leatherbound *Egermeier's Bible Story Book*.

David and Esther Uerkvitz came down from Bethany and conducted a very profitable vacation Bible school for us in August this year. Also Brother Reinaldo Ayala, one of our students from the Spanish Bible School in San Antonio, was a great help. Our daily average was fifty. We were unable to send cars out to bring the children to the church, as we had done in other years, so this average represents children who made an effort and really wanted to be there. We are thanking God for the interest shown and the lasting work we feel was done during those days with the children.

Sincerely, we ask an interest in the prayers of God's children for the Mexican work in El Paso. Along our streets and across the border in Juarez, Mexico, walk thousands of precious souls for whom Jesus died, steeped in superstition and darkness. We must win them for Him.

"Send Forth Labourers"

A missionary en route to his station read the New Testament and expounded the way of salvation to the faithful boatmen. On the last day one said, "We want you to come to our tribe with that Book and this news." When he explained that he was under obligation to go on to another tribe, one said, "But aren't there lots of Christians in the land from which you came?"

—Bible Society Record

Life Expectancy

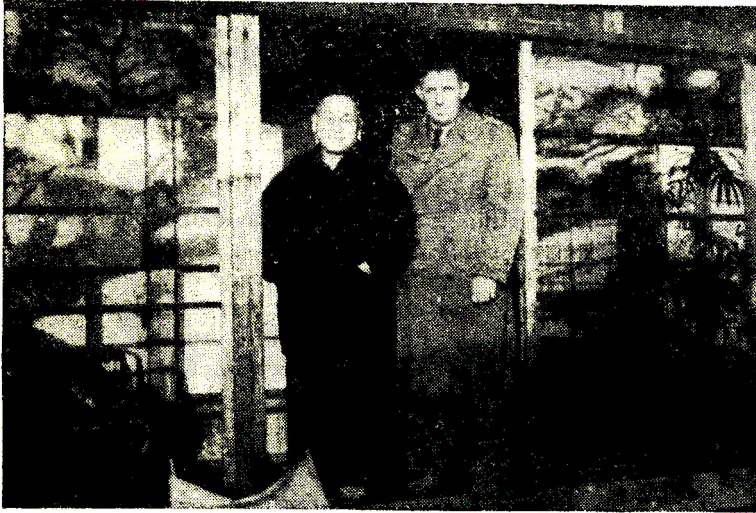
The life expectancy for two-thirds of the world's population is thirty years. In Asia, one out of five dies in the first year. The life expectancy in the United States is 68 years.

—Gospel Herald

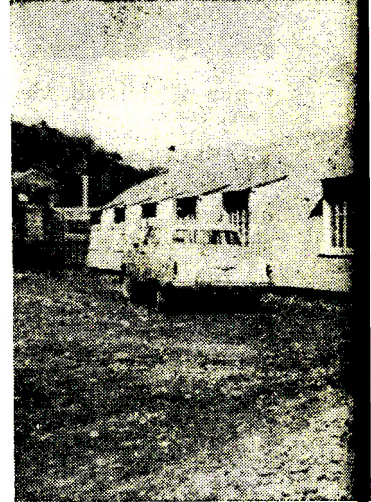
Builders with G

By W. A.

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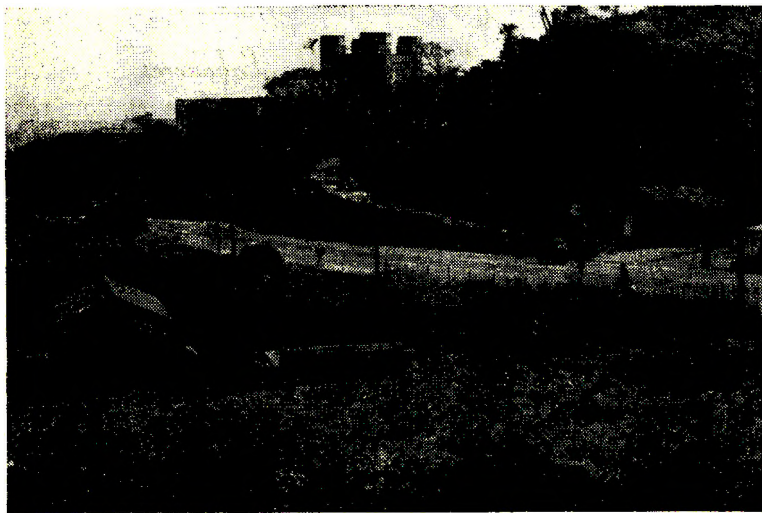


The Yokohama property was a gift to the Japan Nazarene Church by the GI's (mostly officers), who saw a need and at the same time an opportunity. Major Engleman, Major Barmore, and Captain Luce, with their wives, have been the moving force behind the program. In this picture Major Engleman was seeking information as to the place to purchase. He appears with our senior Japanese minister, Rev. Isayama, who is known to our American church. Notice that the major had to remove his shoes, since he's in a Japanese home!

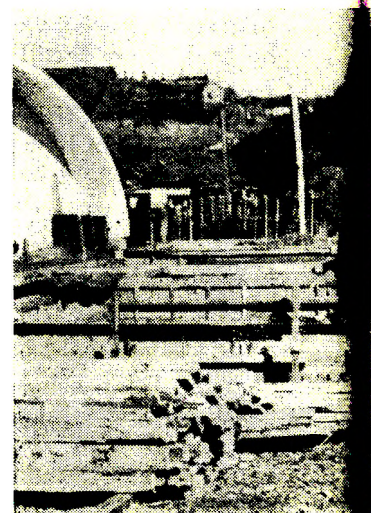


As soon as the quonset hut was over two hundred in attendance service of an equal number, they were ready for the next unit, and off in the foreground.

• 2 •



The foreground is the location that was selected, facing a wide avenue with a car line. The homes have not been rebuilt since the bombings and fires. The Baptist College is situated on the hill.



Does this pass inspection? Major Barmore on the right inspecting the site is now all framed and ready to go.

THE OTHER SHEEP

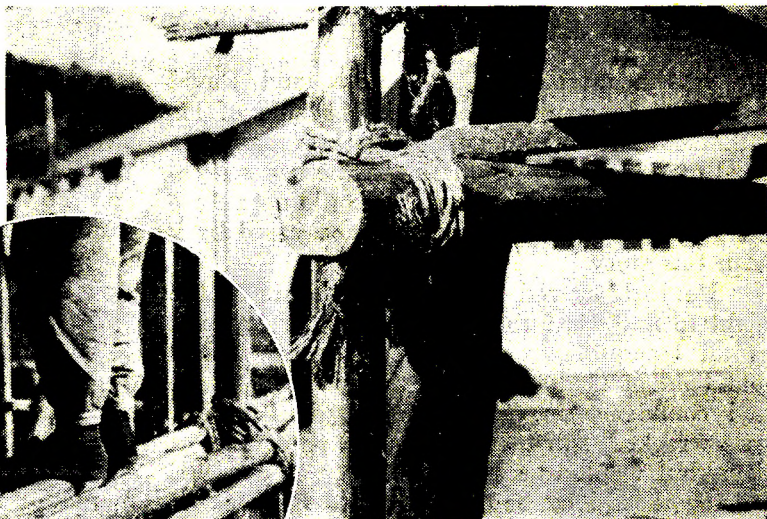
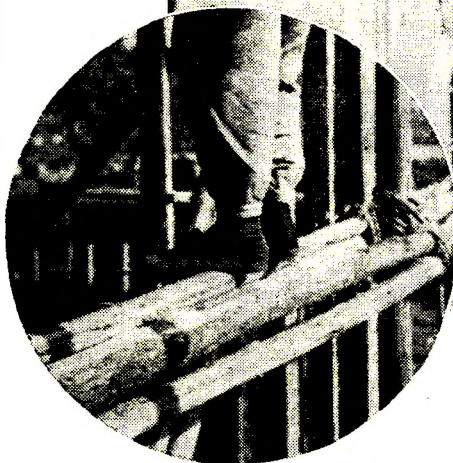
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• 5 •

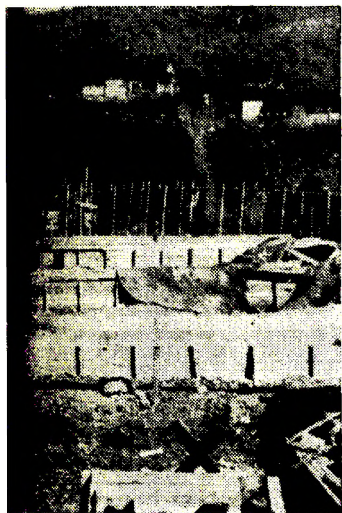


ed and a Sunday school of well
held, with a Sunday morning
icers and their wives said they
age for the pastor. It is staked

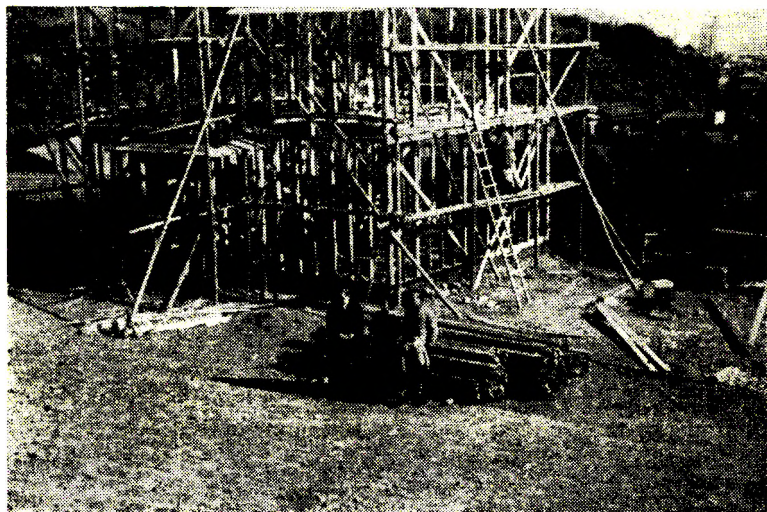


The scaffold was tied around the foundation ready for action. No scaffold is ever nailed. No matter how many stories high a building is erected, straw rope is used, as seen here . . . and the workmen stand on the scaffold like this!

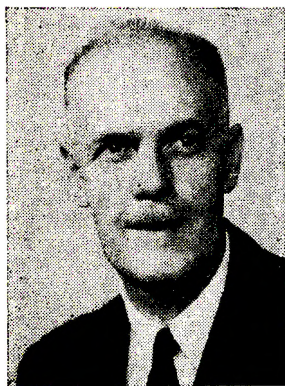
• 6 •



leman on the left and Major
ation of the parsonage, which



The building went up like a mushroom in one day. God bless the GI's and the three officers and their wives for this wonderful work.



David Takes The Torch

● *Ira N. Taylor*

● *Peru*

IT WAS a most urgent telegram, and David wanted to go at once to the bedside of his father. We were reluctant to see him make the hard trip across the mountains, as he had scarcely recovered from the flu, yet we could not refuse his request to go. A week later he came back with this story.

He had arrived in the small hours of the night to find his father at death's door and not at all tranquil. At his urgent request, David laid hold of God in prayer. Before long peace and confidence in God came to the troubled, pain-wracked spirit. He lingered a couple of days, but wanted his son constantly at his side. During those long hours he relived his life, especially that bright part since Christ had come and saved him. He had been a heavy drinker and an active member of a nearby outlaw community at that time.

How vividly Baldomero recalled those days soon after he, the first in the mountain region of Santa Cruz, accepted the gospel, when the first valiant evangelical Christian came up there selling Bibles and telling the good news of salvation! The devil presiding over minds and hearts closed by fanatical prejudice incited those nearest him to vent the venom of religious hate against him. His own mother informed the police of nearby Santa Cruz, who haled him into court and imposed a brief term in jail for his supposed crime of accepting the gospel. There, to try to elicit from him a confession of his "evil deed," they applied torture. Among other things they burned the soles of his feet. Even on his death-bed he carried the scars, as Paul bearing "in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Vivid also was the memory of the earthquake which came at the moment when his tormentors were in the act of hanging him. Some of them were killed by falling stones and beams, and in the excitement they freed him. To Baldomero that earthquake was God-sent.

As the end approached he spent more and more time admonishing his son to stay true and to continue faithfully preparing himself to preach

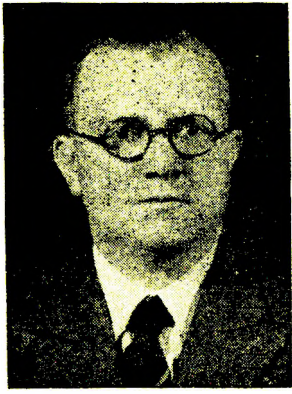
the only message that could lift their people from their sin and sorrow, as it had him. The vicissitudes and trials of the past few years, along with his long physical sufferings, receded more and more, while with an increasingly joyful and tranquil spirit he faced the crossing. It came with the declining day. David noticed that his father seemed unusually quiet. He found that his pulse was slight but even. A little later he could find no pulse. Without a tremor or a complaint Baldomero Terrones had slipped into the presence of the Saviour he had loved and served some thirty years.

As soon as possible David began arrangements for the burial, which in this country must take place within twenty-four hours. But the priest of Bella Vista had done his task well. Not a carpenter would touch a board to prepare the coffin for the *Protestante*. Interment in the village cemetery was refused. David himself spent all night building the coffin. Brethren from all around had been coming in, and an hour or two before the twenty-four-hour deadline they found an appropriate burying place. They also accompanied David and several members of his family to carry out the simple burial service.

In chapel the day after his return David told with deep feeling of his hours with his father and of what the gospel had meant in their home. With holy fire on his soul he vowed to carry on after his father, who had broken the trail over the first mountain of active opposition to evangelical testimony. All the students at the call of David fell to their knees and poured out their hearts in thanksgiving and in consecration to the task God has given in His call to the work.

In a service since David reported another experience told him by his father. It went back over twenty years to a visit that Missionary David Walworth made up to the mountain home of the Terroneses. They then had a house full of girls, but no son. In prayer Brother Ter-

(Continued on page 12)



"God with Us"

● *T. A. Ainscough*

● *Argentina*

FOR OVER A YEAR we had been asking God to do a "new thing" in our midst. The constant humdrum, even the faithful handling of daily duties, can make anyone settle down to the regular run of things and become mechanical. Unless the unction of the Holy One of Israel is on our souls, everything is dry. Perhaps this is even more true on the mission field. The heat, the long hours, a worn-out body, the sleepless nights, the letter that just didn't arrive although you were sure it would, all these things tend to discourage and test the mettle. Therefore the constant need is for a revival; and nothing encourages a missionary more than to see something extraordinary happening, something that leaves people amazed, something like a best seller.

We have had two such cases lately in Buenos Aires. The first was a lady called Dona Leonor. Some three years ago one of her sons, aged thirty-five, passed away. The effect on Dona Leonor's mind was terrible. She would roam the streets at all hours, talking to herself with intermittent fits of weeping. Her relatives never knew where to find her. Of course, she prayed to all the saints she ever knew, but all to no avail. She became a well-known figure in the neighborhood as, dressed in her black robe, she went in search of her boy who had died.

One day we were introduced to her in the home of some believers. As we told her of God's love and power to save and heal, she listened attentively, and then asked if Jesus could help her. Her tears ceased to flow and her eyes lit up. She began to attend the services whenever she could. The devil fought tooth and nail to keep hold of his victim. Praise God, she prayed through one day and was gloriously saved! Opposition arose from where she least expected. Her people, who one thought should have been overjoyed to see the miracle, began to oppose her. However, she is enjoying sweet victory. She no longer roams the streets seeking her boy. She has found Jesus. Now she attends to her home, cleaning, cooking, and sewing, and meditating in the Word of God, testifying wherever she goes of

the peace that Jesus has brought to her heart.

The second case is related to the death of a faithful member of our W.F.M.S. Dona Herminia was a French woman, married to an Argentinian in France. They came to Argentina some years ago, and here she was saved and sanctified in the Church of the Nazarene. Her husband, prejudiced against all forms of religion, and not understanding that the gospel is the truth, was afraid that his wife might become a victim to some superstitious cult and opposed bitterly. He ridiculed all thought of religion. Had he not lived twenty-five years in France and seen the peasants exploited by false priests? He was almost inaccessible. Dona Herminia prayed day and night for her husband and so did the church, but the heavens seemed like brass and so did the husband's heart.

However, God was working, and we did not realize it. One day Dona Herminia took seriously ill. Her husband, Don Juan, was away working in another town. A Nazarene sister, the treasurer of the local W.F.M.S., nursed Dona Herminia day and night when the neighbors, afraid that Dona Herminia had tuberculosis, were afraid to enter the house. Our sick sister was, after a few days, taken to the hospital near her home. On her husband's arrival she said to him, "Juan, when I die I want my remains to be kept in the chapel until the time of the funeral."

Juan promised that it would be so, yet somewhat doubtingly. There was a question mark in his mind, Will the missionaries allow such a thing?

The morning Dona Herminia went to heaven, her husband came to our home for the first time. As we embraced him he wept like a child. The blow had come with terrible force. Now there was no thought of atheism, no desire to ridicule God and religion. He was face to face with reality for the first time in his sixty years. He had lost his best friend on earth. However, he found Him whom to know is life eternal.

The church was packed to overflowing that night as we preached beside the coffin, and also beside the altar where Dona Herminia some years ago had found peace with God. As we gave the

altar call, the first to seek God was Don Juan. There he too found peace with God. Two days later, visiting him in his home, I asked him if he understood what he had done. Right there he testified to me that that night God had saved him from his sin. Now he can be seen testifying in the services; a new-found joy lights his face.

Really, this is one of the greatest answers to prayer, one of the greatest miracles we have seen for many years. We have proved once more that absolutely nothing is impossible to our God. We asked the Lord to save the hardest case in the vicinity and, glory to His precious name, He has done it. There is no limit to what He will do if we will keep under the unction of the Holy Ghost, with a burning passion for lost souls in our hearts. May God help us to be so.

A Christian Swazi Nurse

By Mary McKinlay

Swaziland



SYLVESTER DLAMINI was born in a native kraal about two miles from the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital. Her father is a chief and a relative of the present king of Swaziland. Her home was a place of great heathen darkness, and much darkness still exists in it today.

Chief Dlamini had eight wives, five of whom still remain with him. There were many children in the home, and all were free to go to school if they desired to learn. Their father was willing to pay for their education. Sylvester went to school near her home for two years, and then she attended Umbuluzi Girls' School for seven years. She did not accept Jesus as her Saviour until she had almost completed her schooling at Umbuluzi.

When Sylvester decided to be a nurse, her father was not very pleased, but gave his consent, and she came to the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital to train in 1946. As a student nurse she was progressing well with her studies when it became known that she was suffering with tuberculosis. She was carefully nursed for some months in the hospital, but a short time ago she expressed a wish to go to her own home and was taken there by ambulance.

On September 14 after a few short months with her own people she passed away to be with Jesus.

Today Miss Davis, Miss Matchett, and I, along with some of the hospital staff, went to her kraal to conduct a short service. She had requested a Christian funeral; and her father, though not a Christian, carried out her wishes in a wonderful way. When we arrived, the plain wooden coffin was lying on the floor of one of the huts and the wives of the kraal were all gathered around. We sang, "I will meet you in the morning," after which Miss Davis read some scriptures and prayed. Two of the staff nurses who had worked with Sylvester then spoke a few words.

Sylvester's father told us that before his daughter died she said good-bye to various members of the family and asked them to prepare to meet her in heaven. She said the way before her was very clear, just like a beautiful sunrise.

We do feel that the darkness of that heathen home can never be so dark again. A ray of light straight from the heavenly regions has shone into the darkness, and we are praying that the life and testimony of this saintly young woman will bear a rich harvest.

Will you join with us in prayer for her kraal, that the light which she so faithfully kept burning, through great weakness, will not go out? She was buried in one of the royal burying grounds in the mountains, according to the custom of her people.

If her death brings a challenge to your heart today, will you answer:

*Fear not that you have died for naught.
The torch you flung to us we caught.
Now many hands will hold it high,
And Christ's own cause will never die
IN SWAZILAND?*

Religious Publications

Despite Communist restrictions on the production of religious literature, the Evangelical Publishing House in Berlin managed to turn over 160 books with a total of 2,000,000 copies in 1950. This is the only licensed Protestant publishing concern in the Soviet section of Berlin.

—*Gospel Herald*

(Continued from page 10)

rones and Pastor David prayed God for a son. It was reminiscent of the prophet Elisha. He promised to consecrate him to God and to His service. On his deathbed he pressed upon his son the importance of that holy vow. So it is that, while the intrepid missionary David Walworth has gone to his eternal reward, his namesake in Peru covenants with God and with us to be true to the sacred trust.



Twenty-nine heathen found God as a result of the Bucusha revival.

Revival Fire!

By Mary M. Cooper

Portuguese East Africa

Part 2

(Continued from February)

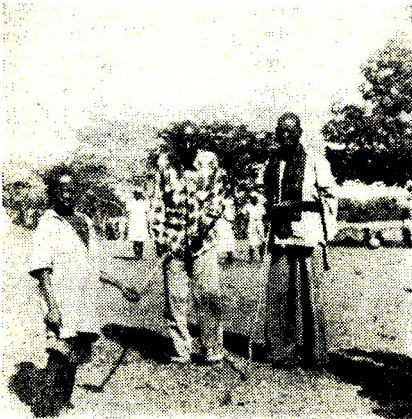
WE HAVE just returned from a kraal with some of the devil's property, a hatchet, bones, for "smelling out" the witch, a bunch of feathers for the witch doctor's head, a band of sea shells, and a cloth for the demons to wear. Yes, the woman who had fallen heir to these things sought the Lord this afternoon with around fifty or more other folk. At the altar she confessed that she had these demon things in her possession. A group of us went to her home to get them and to bring them to the church for burning. We learned that she was a sister to the preacher's wife at Bucusha, where we had just closed a revival for the heathen. She and her daughter both gave themselves to the Lord.

The church here carried a burden for this meeting long before it started, and a good spirit of prayer prevailed from the time of the opening service. Hearts were seized with conviction; and when the altar call was made, the heathen rushed forward to pray. The pulpit table had a great number of demon bracelets, wire bracelets for

adornment, earrings, and other articles of witchcraft which had been taken off those seeking the Lord. Pincers had to be used to cut the bracelets from the arms.

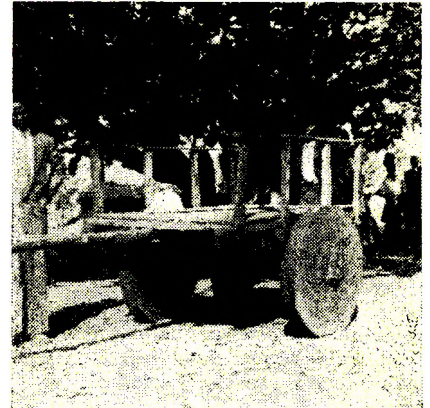
This meeting was closed on a Sunday evening with great victory and a burning of those demon things. Those things which were not consumed by fire were buried while we sang and gave praise to God.

The revival at Bucusha was blest of the Lord. Twenty-six heathen gave testimony after two days of prayer. Two elderly men, four elderly women from sixty-five to eighty-five years of age, young married women, young men, and children sought the Lord. Many heathen came to our evening prayer services with hearts that were really hungry. "There is power, power, wonder-working power in the precious blood of the Lamb." Yes, it is true; there is power in the wonderful blood of our Saviour to save even the heathen in darkest Africa from sin. Praise the Lord!



Left: These two old heathen men sought the Lord at Bucusha during the revival.

Right: The preacher at Bucusha made this wagon to serve many purposes.



The W.F.M.S.

Edited by Mary L. Scott, General Secretary, 2923 Troost Avenue, Box 527, Kansas City 10, Missouri

APRIL EMPHASIS

MEMBERSHIP

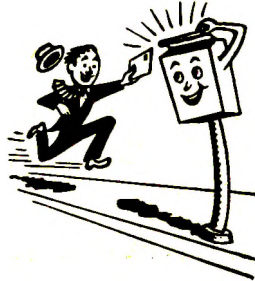
Why not make Point 3 in the Standard of Efficiency your goal?

INCREASE in membership equal to 5% of your active membership.

Both active and associate members will count toward your 5%.

! BEAT THE DEADLINE !

Send in your
Easter Offering



ringing challenge. A beautiful bouquet of white carnations was sent in memory of Mrs. Fitkin and Mrs. Coddling.

And, though many districts were faithful in the special prayer campaign, we still are not satisfied. One never can be satisfied with accomplishments on this line. So we are holding on in prayer as a Council that God may lead our church on and out and directly into a wonderful revival that will touch the whole world.

—M. E. COVE

GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES



Casa Robles at Temple City, California, is our home for retired missionaries. It has been my great privilege to spend a short time at this wonderful place and to meet again Rev. and Mrs. V. P. Drake, our

superintendents, and their lovely family of missionaries.

Nine nice little cottages have been built since we bought this property. They are all built on one plan, some with one and some with two bedrooms. The last cottage erected this year with Alabaster money is the prettiest of them all. We are delighted that this one will be occupied by Rev. and Mrs. Roger S. Winans, long-time missionary warriors to Peru.

The latest piece of equipment is a beautiful Chevrolet station wagon, gift of the greathearted women of the Southern California District. It is a beautiful car and a blessing so great words fail to express to Sister Sanner, Sister Plumb, and their loyal band of women the gratitude of the hearts of all the Casa Robles residents and the thanks of the entire Church of the Nazarene the world around.

Ten retired missionaries now live at Casa Robles. It rejoices the heart to see them housed and comfortable now after years of sacrifice and labor on foreign fields. They are a great band of loyal Nazarenes. Their prayers daily support the home church and people. Their earthly tabernacles are now at Casa Robles but their hearts, like Livingstone's, are still buried on foreign soil.

PROMPTLY

Remittance must be in Kansas City by April 30 to count on this quadrennium.

FLASHES FROM THE W.F.M.S. COUNCIL MEETING

The Lord smiled down on the W.F.M.S. Council Meeting room hour after hour as the women prayed, thought, and reported.

Every devotional service was blessed of God.

Reports from the various departments showed that God has been blessing the work of the W.F.M.S. everywhere.

The wonderful Thanksgiving offering of \$542,000 (on December 31) encouraged us to plan for even greater things for the Kingdom.

Receipts from all missionary societies for the fiscal year May 1, 1950, to April 30, 1951, were as follows:

General Budget	\$810,718.63
Specials	155,302.21
Relief and Retirement	13,575.40
General Expense	15,657.94

\$995,254.18

There are now over 98,000 members in missionary societies around the world. If we all work we can make our goal of 100,000 before the General Convention.

Mrs. Chapman told, as only she can, about her extensive trip through Central America. Tears flowed and praises rang out as she described the hungry, seeking crowds in that dark land.

Through the sessions there was felt a sweet, sad touch, for we all sensed so keenly the loss of our beloved president emeritus, Rev. S. N. Fitkin. Yet we could feel the inspiration of her

THE W.F.M.S. IN AFRICA

The Bantu women, zone leaders, and missionaries have worked side by side to make this a good year for the W.F.M.S. in Africa.

Much blessing has come as a result of the world-wide prayer plan, with which our people have co-operated fully. On the main stations, in the outstations, in locations, and on the Reef the women added their petitions to those of their sisters around the world. In fact, not only the women but the whole church prayed during the hours allotted to them. God heard and answered. Praise be to His name!

Last year Alabaster giving was introduced on the field, and this year witnessed the first opening of boxes given to the Abantu. The seals were broken and the boxes emptied with lively interest. In a few places the people did not grasp the idea until this year; but all parts of the field are now Alabaster-minded, and we eagerly await next year's breaking. During the Swaziland convention, Mrs. Martha Nzimande brought the box that had belonged to her husband, Rev. Solomon Nzimande. He had passed away two months previously, leaving his Alabaster box well filled. To the amazement of all, missionaries and Abantu alike, £4-10-0 was taken from his box. He has set the pace for us all. May God bless his memory!

In all of the conventions the women willingly accepted the two goals set for them for the coming year.

1. That each woman make at least one kraal visit every week.

2. That each woman be a member of the Prayer and Fasting League.

If our women will conscientiously seek to attain these goals, a revival will be on our doorstep.

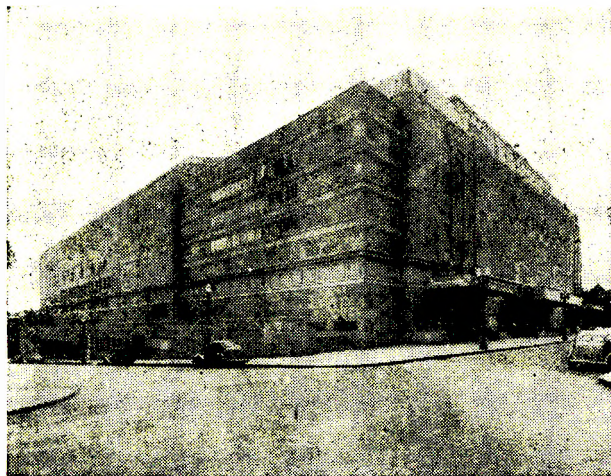
Finance shows a fine increase over

SEVENTH QUADRENNIAL W.F.M.S. CONVENTION

KANSAS CITY, MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

in the
MUSIC HALL

June 19-20-21



CONVENTION OPENS—THURSDAY, JUNE 19

2:00 p.m.

Be there for the first song. The General President will give her report THURSDAY AFTERNOON. Election of the General President for the next quadrennium will follow.

Municipal Auditorium—Kansas City, Mo.

last year with a total of £784-13-5 or approximately \$2,200 raised through dues, plus an additional £42-0-8 from the Alabaster boxes.

Next year will be the silver jubilee for the W.F.M.S. in Africa. Let us make it an exceptional year in all departments, a year of much prayer, much work, and consequently of glorious results in the salvation of many souls.

MARGARET ESSELSTYN,
President W.F.M.S. in Africa

**MARCH "PUSH"
OTHER SHEEP**



15 cents on every subscription. After May 1 the price will be 50 cents.

SUBSCRIBE for yourself and YOUR FRIENDS in MARCH

AUSTRALIAN W.F.M.S. CONVENTION

The Third Annual Australian District W.F.M.S. Convention was held in the new church buildings at Wynnum, Queensland, on December 6, 1951.

Rev. A. Berg, the district superintendent, gave the Convention address, inspiring us to greater sacrifice and service in the cause of missions.

Greetings from Mrs. L. Chapman and Miss Mary Scott were read by the district president, Mrs. Grace Dawson.

A representative from each of the ten societies responded to the roll call.

The superintendent of study introduced the ensuing year's Study and Reading Course in the form of an interesting dialogue.

An enjoyable interlude from the business session was afforded when Pastor and Mrs. Trindall sang a bracket of choruses in the language of the New Guinea Highlanders.

Mrs. Dawson, reporting for the district, disclosed appreciable advances in every department. The

total membership now stands at 106, representing a gain of 14. The offerings for the year totaled £418, exceeding last year's giving by £100.

Ballots were then cast for the district officers. Mrs. Grace Dawson was unanimously elected district president, confirming the love and esteem in which she is held as the leader of our Australian W.F.M.S. A call was made for prayer that Mrs. Dawson with Mrs. Berg be enabled to represent the Australian District at the General W.F.M.S. Convention.

Each society took part in an assignment of posters depicting the monthly emphases and mission fields, which made an attractive display.

MRS. MAYSIE PINCH,
Supt. of Publicity

THANK YOU

"I received your letter with the \$15 Christmas gift in it. I wish to express my sincere appreciation for this kindness on the part of the W.F.M.S. It's nice to know that there are kind friends in the homeland who are so thoughtful at this Christmas season."

A Furloughed Missionary

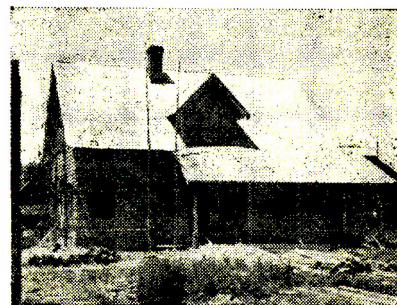
"Your letter on behalf of the W.F.M.S. arrived a few days ago with the gift for the missionaries for Christmas. I am sure that I speak for all the missionaries when I say that we appreciate more than we can express the faithful loyalty of our Nazarene women. If it is possible in your W.F.M.S. bulletin, we would be glad for you to publish a note of thanks from all our missionaries here for this lovely gift. It means that we will buy little luxuries that we otherwise could not afford with the present high cost of living."

A Missionary on the Field

ALABASTER CORNER

We want to take this time to thank those who have given for the Alabaster Fund. It has been through their giving that we were able to have the nice home that we have in Sapporo.

DOYLE M. SHEPHERD



Alabaster Funds are helping to build this missionary home in Sapporo, Hokkaido, Japan.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

Edited by Miss Mary E. Cove, 124 Phillips St., Wollaston, Mass.

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Here is the picture that we promised you last month. You remember, from February page, who the two on the right are—*Senor Cueva*, the teacher, and *Allen Guy Obando*, his pupil, who invited him to Sunday school.



The boy on the left is *Henrique Facho*, whose story began last month. You remember that we told you how, though he was the oldest of nine children, he wasn't a good example to them. He smoked and drank and danced such long hours that he became quite ill.

One Sunday morning, as he was going to the drugstore for some medicine, he passed a friend who invited him to Sunday school. Henrique hurried to the drugstore, and on the way back joined his friend. At first he was timid, for he was a Catholic, but he felt that he was in a sacred place during the whole hour of service. Right in the middle, he felt he just must have a smoke; but he stuck it out and stayed until the close.

Now this church was having special meetings every night, and Henrique began to go to these with his friend. He watched this friend and he saw that his life was very different from his own. Henrique became greatly inter-

ested. He went with his friend every night. Then, on Thursday, when people were invited to go forward to an altar to pray, he went with a large group of young people. For the first time in his life he prayed, not from printed prayers, but from his own heart. He asked God to forgive his sins, for Jesus' sake, and to come into his heart to be his Guide and to help him live true.

He said: "I went to the altar with a heavy heart, and came away with my burden gone. I felt so light and happy. I didn't have words to tell what had happened to me, but I know I was changed. Afterwards there was a great change in my life. I stopped smoking, drinking, and dancing. And I obeyed my parents. My father was surprised, and he said, 'Your life is completely changed.'"

"I began to read the Bible. I dropped the other questionable books. And I stopped swearing. That was a battle, but God helped me."

Henrique became anxious right away to see the rest of his family saved too. Once his family was in great need. There was nothing in the house to eat. Henrique prayed and God helped him to get a job that supplied that need.

Then he felt God speak very plainly to him, asking him to study and prepare himself to be a preacher. He started in with night classes, but soon enrolled in the regular Bible school. He gave up a good job and took another that would give him time to attend classes.

He is working very hard, and meets many difficult problems. Will you Juniors pray for this boy, that God will save all of his family, and supply his needs, and make him a preacher who will lead many people to Jesus Christ? If your church does not have a Junior Society, the children there are missing such a lot of fine stories about the countries down where Henrique lives. Ask your pastor to have a Society organized in your church.

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"

MARY E. COVE

Attention Juniors and Junior Society Supervisors

Junior Society boys and girls will love coloring the pictures in Paul Hubart's *Color Book on Latin America*. Junior supervisors will want some copies for the younger members of the society. Order color books direct from the NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE; price, 35 cents each.

Missionary Incentives

The king's garden (Neh. 3:15).

"Mention of the king's garden by Nehemiah brings to mind the King's garden of the church.

"O Lord, send prosperity unto it. Rebuild her walls, nourish her plants, ripen her fruits, and from the huge wilderness, reclaim the barren waste, and make thereof 'a King's garden.'"—SPURGEON.

As He walks through His world, does He find the fruits of the Spirit, fruits of intense evangelism, fruits of entire devotion to His will?

The barren wastes will be changed only as He walks into them through His Church, to transform and reclaim. The beauty of holiness can come only as the Holy Spirit is given a place of leadership and the seeds are sown. The garden will be beautified and extended only by carrying out His command. There is no other method.

The truth must be carried into other places and new life must be produced. Jesus said to His disciples, "The field is the world." It may be His garden!

The joyful flourishing of Christ's kingdom is foretold by the prophet Isaiah. "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water" (Isa. 35:6, 7).

Transformation accompanies the preaching of the gospel. This is the logic of missions. The message must reach every creature. It is life-giving. It is soul-satisfying. "Whoever is thirsty," said Jesus, "let him come unto me and drink. He who believes in me, from within him—as the scripture has said—rivers of living water shall flow" (John 7:37, 38—Weymouth).

With such a message, the first duty of the Church is to let the world know. Let it be translated into every language. It must be spoken in every tongue. Put it within reach of every human being. Then shall the barren waste be reclaimed and the huge wilderness shall be "a King's garden."

Lord, by Thy power make Thy people willing, and by Thy presence give them courage to obey Thy precepts so that Thy glory may fill the earth!

Ruth E. Gilley
201 Olivet Circle
Bourbonnais, Illinois
OS 10-52 CC

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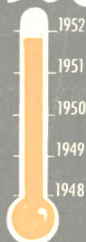


OFFERING

APRIL 13

Church of the Nazarene

We're on the



home stretch